

# **Pool Ducks, Sex Kittens, and Other Insane Asks by cherrysorry**

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Alternate Universe - Fairy Tale, Alternate Universe - Fantasy, Alternate Universe - The Frog Prince Fusion, And other wild shenanigans, Billy Hargrove Being an Asshole, Billy Hargrove Lives, Billy Hargrove Needs a Hug, Billy Hargrove Redemption, Billy Hargrove Tries to Be a Better Person, Bisexual Steve Harrington, Fluff and Crack, Gay Billy Hargrove, Getting High and Smashing Shit, INSANE GAY PRANKS, Lillith the Literal Alley Cat, M/M, Movie Nights, Multi, Poor Dustin was not ready, Post-Season/Series 03, Rich Bitch Steve, Steve Harrington is a Sweetheart, Stripper!Billy, including but not limited to:

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**Summary:**

A depository for all the lovely, wacky, and wonderful prompts that I've been requested to fulfill for the Hairspray boys.

## 1. Carrot, Meet Stick

### Author's Note:

@booksfoxesandcoffee:

Steve is so tired of Dustin barging in his house/room that he lets Dustin think he saw something. (Billy is in on it because that little shit is driving him mad)

Steve knows it was a mean joke, okay? He *knows*.

But if anyone asks, Billy talked him into it and Dustin was being a little *fucker*. Always barging into his bedroom at every damn hour like he's really Steve's kid brother or something. Which is *cute* and all, but—

There have been times where, like, not five minutes before, Steve has just *pulled out* and Billy's barely had time to wrap a blanket around himself and gotten to enjoy some quality cuddle time before Dustin breaks down the damn door with something dorky and amusing but *entirely unnecessary*—

So, Steve snapped, and he's letting Billy work a little bit of... cosmic justice.

The thing is, as cool as Dustin is, he's still a dipstick kid who knows very little about what being *queer* really means. Like, one time he had the audacity to ask—

“What kind of *tools* do your people use? Don't look at me like that! Scientific curiosity is not to be ignored, *Steven*.”

So *really*, Dustin kind of brought it on himself.

All it takes is giving Billy an energy drink to stir up his demented imagination and a quick grocery run before the plan is well and fully set in motion. The unmistakable sound and sight of Dustin bounding up the front steps and slamming open the front door is Steve and Billy's cue to jump into place.

“Steve! Shove your *incubus* out the window cause I’ve got huge news! Damnit, Steve, I’ve had a stroke of God damn *genius*, and all you need to donate to enjoy my future fame and fortune is a small loan of *twenty bucks*—”

All the air in his little body *wooshes* right out in a single gasp when he breaks down the door to find Steve standing by the bed. Holding a vaseline-covered carrot in each hand. Wearing nothing but a black thong.

And *Billy*, eyes closed and whimpering a little. On his hands and knees on the bed and *covered* in baby oil from head to toe. Sporting Steve’s mom’s hot pink *Kiss the Cook!* apron.

Dustin is floundering like a scandalized trout.

“I—I don’t. Uh, *this isn’t—I should*—”

Because *Billy* is both *wonderful* and a *bastard*, he moans. *Loudly*.

“Babydoll, what’re we having for *dinner*? ”

Steve can’t hold it in. “OH MY FUCKING GOD, BILLY.” But Dustin’s already out the door, screaming and rambling about their *savage culture*, and *Billy* is cackling and rolling around in the sheets like the greased rat that he is.

And Steve? He’s already quantifying the mountain of arcade coins it’s going to take for Dustin to forgive him for this.

*Billy* pokes his pretty tongue out between angel-white teeth.

“So we *cooking* or what, babe? ”

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

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## 2. Strippers and Cats and Bathtubs, Oh My!

### Summary for the Chapter:

@booksfoxesandcoffee

For my favorite character: I would like to award you the highest honor I can bestow. \*Gives them a cat\*

Billy has a soft spot for stray cats. It's gotten him into trouble before, but he loves helping them. It's how he ends up with a hissy tortoiseshell calico named Lillith.

Billy finds the rumpled, dirty little thing behind a *strip club* of all places.

Before you ask—*no*, Billy wasn't in the area to drool over the dancers of *Cherry Pickers Adult Entertainment*. He *works* there, apparently.

Steve's just fucking hearing about this now, with a mewling, beer-battered calico being shoved into his face and Billy sporting little more than a silk robe and knee high leather boots. Though, to be fair, his new boyfriend fuck buddy *Billy* coming home every weekend spattered in glitter and grease and faffing around nasty wads of cash should've been a bigger clue.

The kitten reeks like matted moth balls and vodka piss, and honestly between that diabolical *stink* and Billy's blinding smile, Steve's willing to table the whole surprise stripper discussion for another day. Billy rubs a thumb over the scruff of the thing's neck.

“See, Stevie!—no collar. *Can we keep it?*”

And *shit*. Steve already knows the answer inevitably will be yes. *Damnit*, when did he become such a *pushover*?

Ten minutes later, they've got the tiny furball in his Ma's fancy claw foot tub and Billy's stripping down to his *thong* to sit with the weeping kitty.

“She’s *scared*, Harrington,” Billy hisses when Steve gapes at him. “Don’t be a  *dickhead*.”

And... Steve can’t say he’s *excited* to have this whiny, chaotic little hellion sloshing around in his mom’s marble tub, turning the luxuriant water a pissy brown. But once Billy sits down with the thing, grinning boyishly as he suds her up with baby-safe *no tears* shampoo and soothes her mewls into gentle purring—

Well. He might just learn to live with this.

Billy beams up at him, curls sopping, and lifts up the tiny girl. Steve slowly reaches out to tap her wet, pink nose. She sniffs at his fingers sweetly before going fully fucking *demonic*, claws out, teeth bared, and devilishly keening. Steve flinches back. “Jesus!”

Billy laughs. “Nope.” He wiggles her a little and plants a cherubic kiss on her forehead. “*Lilith*.”

#### **Notes for the Chapter:**

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### 3. Date Nights are Dead

#### Summary for the Chapter:

@booksfoxesandcoffee:

At one point in dealing with the groups upside down shenanigans Billy and Steve both have a red mark on their forehead from facepalms.

“Steve. Baby. *Darling*—”

“*What?*”

“When the *fuck* are you going to find the time to tame your God damn *children*? ”

The God damn children are standing in Steve’s gorgeous foyer, tracking fucking *monster shit* all over the shag carpet that Billy brought in just yesterday to add some life to the place.

And not only are they soaked in that slime and shit which Billy knows *all too well* isn’t going to wash out, they didn’t even have the damn decency to knock at 10 pm on a Friday—his and Stevie’s designated *date night*.

Billy’s got a reputation to maintain, alright? He might be legally dead, but how the fuck are people supposed to, like, *honor his noble memory* or whatever when the kids are barging in while he’s got rollers in and a face mask on? Jesus, Steve’s even got cookies cooling on the counter.

From the front of the group, Max has finally wiped that vile ecto-spunk off her eyes enough to get a good look at him. Her smile is God damn *demonic*.

“Billiam, I had no idea you’d gotten so domesticated. Your husband around anywhere?”

Billy can’t help but slap his wet forehead—*God, is murder always a sin?*—and leave a smear of blue *anti-aging* serum across his palm.

He's got to watch his pores, okay? *Shut up.*

“Pretty boy! I’m gonna relapse on these little dickheads if you don’t deal with them!”

Steve finally marches down the stairs—in his dad’s fuzzy bathrobe and slippers, no less. It’s the rest of the little assholes’ turns to smile, then. The curly-haired one hasn’t even fully opened his mouth before Steve’s hand is flying right up to his own forehead, too.

“Are we *interrupting*—”

“Dustin, I swear to God. *This better be good.*”

When the fuck did this become their lives?

## 4. Milk, Cookies, and Not-So-Delightful Frights

### Summary for the Chapter:

@booksfoxesandcoffee

Billy and Steve have an agreement; no horror movies. Because they tried watching *Alien*. They ended up at RadioShack having to buy a new television.

The story Steve tells his parents is that he slipped while dusting the living room cabinets.

The story Billy tells the kids is that *actually* they should *mind their God damn business*.

The *real* story is that Tommy had *hooked them up* the day before, so they'd baked some extra special hash cookies and gotten real fucking stoned. It wasn't that mellow kind of weed, either—it actually made them awfully *silly*. Like, they were dipping the cookies into milk and putting on, *Jesus*, the *Scooby Doo* and *Care Bears* gag gift pajamas they'd bought each other for Christmas.

Things got downright domestic—a clear and present sign of *temporary insanity*.

That's their excuse for taking Robin up on her movie recommendation: a new, little known Italian horror called *Opera*. Steve and Billy figure it's just another boring art house slog, but they're *just* this side of agreeable enough to claw through it and finally get Buckley off their backs.

Hell, maybe it'll even be fun. The hash is doing real funny things to their brains, already.

That's also their excuse for why—when the *stalking* and the *stabbing* and those *motherfucking hook hands* make an appearance—they might've lost their cool. Just a little. There might've been some

yelping—*yelping*, not screaming, mind you. A glass or two may have been thrown. There may or may not have been punches directed at the killer hiding like some cowardly *bitch* behind the plasma screen TV.

*Whatever.*

If their taste for date night flicks happens to have shifted more towards thrillers or action blockbusters or comedies, that's none of Robin's damn business, either. So she could at least stop looking so smug about it when the two of them scope out their Friday rentals and keep a healthy distance away from the dim section labeled *Delightful Frights*.

#### **Notes for the Chapter:**

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## 5. The Duck Prince

### Summary for the Chapter:

@booksfoxesandcoffee:

Steve finds a duckling in his pool. He's just glad he forgot to add chemicals to the water.

Steve is too much of a fuckhead, pissy teen to admit it now, but as a skittish little boy suffering from night terrors and horrible growth pain, he'd needed a fairy tale every night to lull him to sleep.

In fact, if you happen to corner Mrs. Harrington between business trips and charm her into reminiscing about the golden years before her second divorce, she'll even confide that lil' Steven's *favorite* fairy tale was none other than *The Frog Prince*.

Now ain't that *something*. Of course, the only living souls that are privy to this nuclear warhead of gossip are Steve, his parents, and Tommy *Buttfucker* Hall—and the only reason that snot-nosed freckly bastard knows is because he and Steve were bathtub buddies as toddlers.

So yeah, Tommy might occasionally try to pull smoochie faces and rib him about *Princess Steve* because, again, he's a *buttfucker asshole*. But really, Steve has long since forgotten about his childhood storybook fixation by the summer of his nineteenth birthday, when his mom and step-dad have charged him with the task of *manning the fort*.

Harrington manor, obviously.

The couple is just finishing up their month-long anniversary vacation in French Polynesia, and like the dutiful fuckhead teenager that Steve is, he's waited until the day before their return flight to finally do the chores. He's just gotten to the last step in this fucking Cinderella *crucible*—

*Dust the record collection*

*De-lint the chaise lounge*

*Restock the liquor cabinet (I'll know what's missing!)*

*Refill the pool's chemicals*

—when he sees the damn duck. Well, *duckling*.

“*Eep*,” the pipsqueak chirps, a fluffy handful of sunshine skimming the leaf-littered water. The chlorine and algaecide bottles clatter right out of Steve’s hands. The duckling squeaks at the sound, fluffing up and drifting away from the pool’s edge.

“Hey! Where do you think you’re going, you little freeloader? Party’s over!” Steve speedwalks towards the water, sandals flopping until he falls to his knees on the tiled coping. He leans his whole ass arm out and over the water’s surface, swatting fussily at the baby bird. “Come on. Come on, you teensy weensy pain in the ass.”

The fluffball hisses, flapping a hair’s breadth from Steve’s fingertips.

And *shit*, as much as Steve preoccupies himself with being a no-fucks-given adolescent... he’s not entirely immune to this thing’s charm. I mean, come on—it’s a *duckling*. Steve’s nineteen, but he’s not *heartless*. It’s got a tangerine, rubber-ducky-accurate beak and everything, bright webbed feet circling under the surface to keep its plump body afloat.

“Awwwww. Fuck. Please don’t make me get the net. Pretty please?” The pissy featherball preens, quacking irritably. “Please? How about if I throw in some bread crumbs? Fluff out those feathers?”

The ducky makes a low sound in its throat, floating obstinately before wading closer to Steve’s outstretched hand. It clamps its tiny beak around his index finger and starts, like, *vibrating*. Its tiny body shakes, head bobbing around its grip on Steve. “*Eep, eep*,” it chirps, insistent.

Gingerly, Steve reaches out just that extra, agonizing inch to wrap his fingers around the fussy thing. It flaps a bit in his palm, whining. He

strokes his thumb soothingly over its downy feathers. “Hush up. You want bread or not?” He brings it up to his face, squinting. It raises up in challenge, fuzzing up and flapping its legs backwards like the world’s sweetest charging bull. It rears its head back a bit, ready to pounce—

“Oh, shit. Calm down there, big boy.”

—before it plants an ardent, soft peck on the tip of his nose. Steve smiles in spite of himself.

“Stop that.”

It quacks, low and *frustrated*. It pecks again, once and then two more times, grabbing the edge of his nose between that teensy, rubbery beak like a baby suckling on a bottle.

“I told you to stop that, you little freak.”

It really gets *into it*, too. It’s got this rhythm going, doing that funny vibrating thing and closing its tiny black eyes with these raisin-y lids, *and*. Oh, Jesus. Is this thing—?

“Eep, eep!”

*Is the thing fucking humping him?*

Steve doesn’t mean to do it. It’s just, fucking, an instinctual reaction, alright? He’s not proud of it, but. He screams, *masculine-ly*, and *flings* the bird at the sun bathing chairs. It strikes a leg, *dong*, and Steve *choke*s.

“OhmaGod, ohmaGod. *Ducky?*” Steve loses a shoe in his scramble to reach the fallen thing. He skids on his knees, fucking *ow*, and raises the unmoving bird up in mother-gentle cupped palms. It whistles pitifully. Its crinkled eyelids are shut tight, feathers flat.

“No, nonono.” He rubs his thumb against the grain of its feathers, trying to fluffen the little asshole back up. “C’mom. C’mom.”

And Steve? Steve will *never* fucking admit that he was running on anything other than instinct in that moment. But *Ducky?* Ducky will

tell you that he could see that dreamy, fairy tale twinkle in Steve's eyes as the boy leaned down and planted a sweet, senseless kiss on his fluffy head.

Then, just like that stupid folk tale rewritten a million times over, Steve goes from holding a little beast one moment to cradling an armful of *royalty*. Rapunzel, to be precise. If Rapunzel had a rat stache and looked like she was tugged straight out of Steve's gayest wet dreams.

The ringleted, golden-headed boy blinks up dreamily at Steve, lips pursed and impossibly long lashes fluttering.

"Ouch, pretty boy. You got me good."

This new, fucking, *prince* grins, tongue peeking out, and Steve is suddenly *highly* aware of the fact that the guy's naked ass is smooshed against his belly button. *Ducky* hums, husky and amused and pained.

"Can we try that again?"

... and at this point, who is Steve to interfere with childhood magic?

Ducky tastes like pool moss and old beer. It's a fitting start.

## 6. Chapter 6

Billy's basically sleep walking when he rolls out of Steve's bed, grabs his cancer sticks, and pads down the manor's back patio steps for a little night air.

He anticipates the cold, so he lazily nicks Mrs. Harrington's winter peacoat on his way out. He's naked, otherwise, but his brain is too fuzzy and inert to care that his ass is barely being covered and his dick is rubbing against the Mrs's expensive furs. *Fuck it*—he'll wash the thing later.

What he does not anticipate is the massive *buck* that brays bitchily in his face when he flicks open his light.

“*Baagh*,” it whines, snuffling and rattling its huge rack not two feet from Billy's reddening nose.

He blinks slowly, eyes half-lidded. A switch is trying and failing to flip in his head. He reaches out his left hand, middle and index fingers balancing the unlit Marlboro, and pokes a tip of the male's antlers. They're bony and chalk-white, all its velvet shed. This boy is all grown up.

The buck doesn't appreciate his curiosity. It snuffles in annoyance, taking a petty half-step back. Billy laughs. His brain hasn't switched to the right frequency to deal with this shit quite yet. He lights his damn cigarette, tightens the belt on his peacoat, and points his smoke at the deer like some kind of delirious wine mom.

“Who the fuck invited you into my dreams, big boy?”

A few petulant hoof-falls and snorts from somewhere deeper into the Harrington's backyard has Billy squinting beyond *Big Boy* and into the underbrush. It takes a second for his eyes, and mind, to adjust to the sight of *nine does* grazing and huffing through Mr. Harrington's apple trees.

“You sly fucks. Steve thought it was squirrels or something.” He spits

on the porch, earning another whine from Big Boy. “I’m gonna miss out on Thanksgiving apple pies because of you *freeloading...*”

It takes a little more than a second to realize that, nosing right by a fallen pear that’s resting just by Billy’s feet, is the tiny snout of a fawn. It sniffs hesitantly at the fruit, straining painfully over the steps on shaky stick legs.

And yeah, that’s real fucking *cute* and all, but the thing that really gets Billy is the *eyes*. It keeps glancing nervously up at him with these huge, dark, twinkling eyes. Worried. *Pleading*. It huffs pitifully, and all the pettiness in Billy’s belly evaporates.

He doesn’t dare breathe.

Crouching down so slowly that his damn knees quake, Billy plucks up the pear and eases it up and out for the infant deer to snack on. It recoils at first, Big Boy screeching meanly and a large doe bounding over to check on the baby.

“Come on, Bambi. I ain’t gonna pinch ya.”

Eventually, it trots a little closer. Sniffs, whines. Then it darts out a surprisingly long tongue to lick at the thing. Billy can’t help it. He snorts.

*Listen*—he doesn’t fucking know what deer do, but the wagging, goofy way that the fawn swipes its tongue out of its mouth is not in the range of anything he’d been imagining.

Luckily, the baby doesn’t seem so easily frightened anymore. It snuffs at his bright red sleeve, dripping pear juice onto the cloth before taking the entire fruit into its mouth and trotting away.

Billy doesn’t stay much longer than that. His capacity for charity has been met for the day, and honestly he feels like his ears and dick are about to break off in the November chill. He sucks on what’s left of his cigarette, stubs it out, and pads back up to Steve’s bed on chilly feet. He dumps the winter coat right before he burrows under the covers.

Steve turns over and tutts disapprovingly. He blinks big, brown eyes

at Billy, dark with worry. “Babe, you’re like a block of ice.” When he pulls the shorter boy into the warm embrace of his wool pajamas, the blond leans into it.

Steve rubs up and down his back, and Billy melts, humming. “Doing the Lord’s work, Harrington. It’s a full time occupation.”

Steve chuckles, squeezing him closer. His eyes are twinkling, and Billy’s brain is suddenly fuzzy with something more than just exhaustion.

Still smirking, the older boy lowers his voice to a whisper and tightens his grip. “I know. I can’t wait to show Max the tape of your little Snow White act from the camera we just had installed. She’ll *never* let you live it down.”

It takes five minutes for Billy to finally stop squirming and cursing about a certain *fuckhead Pretty Boy trying to ruin my damn reputation*.

Begrudgingly, Billy falls asleep cold and pissy and spitting, but clutching hard at Steve’s warm clothes and leaning into the hot kiss he plants on Billy’s brow.

Fucking Bambi.

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